NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 36—VOL. XVII. NEW-YORK SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1805. NO. 870.

MISTAKES ON BOTH SIDES.

A TALE.

AMONG the giddy circles of fashionable life, the youthful and gay lord Orwell shone conspicuous. Elegantly formed, of an amiable disposition, accompanied by the most pleasing manners, which had received the highest polish of politeness, and distinguished for his unaffected vivacity and genuine wit, he was the soul of every company in which he appeared. Endowments of this brilliant nature, it will naturally be supposed, rendered him a favorite with the fairer sex, who vied with each other in attempts to impose on him their chains, and lead him in triumph a willing captive.

But the female whose fair exterior was unanimated by understanding, or in whom levity and frivolity extinguished good sense, could make little impression on the heart of Frederick Orwell. His natural discernment soon discovered whether vanity constituted the whole of the character, or whether real intelligence and merit were apparent through the disguise of modern manners.

His attention was attracted, his admiration excited, and his heart more sensibly affected than he was at first conscious of, by the unequalled beauty, the intelligent sprightliness, and amiable manners of lady Anne Penthievre. The spark of love, which the first view of her had kindled in his bosom, was, by frequently indulging in the pleasure of her company, fanned into a flame, and he soon found an opportunity of avowing to her the impression she had made on his heart. The unaffectedly modest and delicate, yet evidently favorable manner in which she received his declaration, rivetted his pleasing chains, and from that time he became her acknowledged and approved suitor, and most ardent lover.

After having enjoyed for some time the unruffled tranquility of undisturbed confidence in each other, the fiend Jealousy injected a drop of her gall into each of their hearts, and rapid and tormenting were the effects of the hateful poison.

At a splendid ball given by a lady of distinction, and to which lord Orwell and lady Penthievre were invited, the latter danced with a young nobleman equally distinguished by his personal accomplishments, the ancient honors of his family and his extensive estates. Her lover, whose eye was attentively fixed on them, thought he perceived that his lordship was too sensible to the beauties and elegant carriage of his partner; and that she, in her turn, displayed too great a degree of exultation in having thus excited his attention. Not a little piqued at this, he, in his turn, selected for his partner a young lady of great beauty, and heiress to an immense fortune, to whom he paid the most flattering attention, which she on her part seemed most willingly to receive. His behavior he rendered purposely so conspicuous that it could not escape the notice of lady Anne; and the same evening a visible coolness took place between them, though not a word was said by either with respect to the transaction which had given each offence. They seperated without the least explanation, and their officious imaginations, brooding over what had passed, swelled the trifling incidents which had given birth to their idle jealousy into undeniable proofs of the suggestions of groundless suspicion, and insurmountable obstacles to their union.

For two whole days the hearts of the lovers were a prey to acute pains which they had never known before. At length lord Orwell found that he obtained not only ease, but that his sufferings was changed into ecstatic delight, by admitting the idea that he had been mistaken, and that his dearest Anne had not swerved in thought from her fidelity to him. He immediately started up, and hastened to the house of her aunt, with whom she resided. He passed into the garden where she was sitting alone, indulging, in fact, the melancholy disposition of mind into which the rupture that had taken place between her and her lover had plunged her. The moment she saw him approaching, the first sensation of her heart was an exultation of joy, the expression of which however she checked, conceiving it more suitable to the dignity of her sex, and her conscious innocence, to treat with careless levity and disregard the man who could so readily admit suspicions which she esteemed herogatory to her honour, and so easily permit himself to take a mean revenge. She received him, therefore, with an air of the greatest indifference, which, however, it cost her not a little painful exertion to assume. Her careless manner and aparent levity, revived in the heart of lord Orwell all his former suspicions with redoubled force. He endeavored, at first, to answer her with equal levity and indifference, but in this attempt he failed. The mingling flames of love and jealousy blazed too fiercely in his heart for him to resist their united power. Abruptly he assumed a serious air—

"I must," said he, "I must put an end to this trifling. I wish to know what I am to think of what I lately saw. If rank and wealth have such superior attractions in your eyes, I am ready—I am willing—yes, I am willing to resign——"

"No apology, I entreat you," replied lady Anne, with a scornful smile. "If the fortune of an heiress be an object so much preferable, you might refrain at least from endeavoring to invent accusations which you know have no foundation."

"Madam," returned he, "that insinuation is but a poor subterfuge. Let me have,—and I think I am entitled to demand it of your candour,—let me have," added he, raising his voice, "an explicit declaration—an explanation"——

"My lord," answered she, "this certainly is language I cannot understand. I know not what I am to explain: at any rate, such an explanation as you seem to require is beneath me."

"My lady," rejoined he, hastily turning round, and taking out his watch, "if you had been disposed to give it, I have not time to hear it; for now I recollect I have a particular engagement."

Thus saying, he made her a formal obeisance, and abruptly left her.

The rupture between these two mistaken lovers was now become wider than ever, and the difficulty of a reconcilliation apparently much greater. Both, at the same time, secretly blamed themselves for the manner in which they had acted; she, that she had treated him with such assumed levity and indifference, which did not accord with the real feelings of her heart; and he that he had expressed himself in a manner so hasty and peremptory.

At length, the aunt of lady Anne, an elderly lady of the most friendly and generous disposition, discovered, from the melancholy and visible uneasiness of her niece, and the absence of lord Orwell, that there was some disagreement between the lovers. She questioned lady Anne on the subject, and was soon satisfied that the most groundless suspicions had inflicted severe pains on two excellent hearts; and, if a remedy were not timely employed, might seperate forever two amiable persons who appeared born for each other. She accordingly sent for lord Orwell, and, in the presence of her niece, thus addressed him:—

"So, I find the common case has happened: you have quarrelled with one another you know not for what. But so it always is: you people of understanding when you are in love, have no more wit than the foolishest country boys and girls. There are nothing but *mistakes on both sides*, and faults on both sides. I am sure you love her, and I know she loves you; so take her hand, and be happy in defiance of Jealousy and all her imps."

Lord Frederick gladly obeyed the advice of the good old lady, and took and ardently pressed the hand of lady Anne, who, bursting into tears, silently and tenderly avowed the truth and warmth of her affections; while her lover, throwing himself at her feet, solicited her forgiveness for having once questioned her disinterested fidelity and sincerity. Their mutual confidence in each other was never after disturbed by suspicion, either previous to or after their union for life, which soon took place; and their affectionate gratitude to the good old lady who had thus extricated them from their difficulties, and reconciled them by her candid and friendly interference, knew no bounds.

JULIET.——A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * She was sitting at the head of the grave, and the grass was beginning to look green upon the turf round the stone where her tears usually fell. She had not observed me, and I stood still. "Thou hast left me my beloved, (said she bending her face down to the turf)—thou hast left me; but it was to attend a dearer call—I will not weep (wiping her eyes with her handkerchief)—I will not weep for it was the call of one who loved thee better. Thou hast flown to his bosom, and what hast thou left behind thee for thy poor JULIET, but this cold sod?"——She was silent for some moments. The full moon was just beginning to climb over the tops of the trees as I came up; and as she stooped to kiss the turf, I saw the tears trickling

tho' the moonbeams in hasty drops from her eyes—"thou hast left me, (said JULIET, raising her face from the grave)—but we shall meet again—I shall see thy face again, and hear thee speak; and then we shall part no more—She rose cheerfully to retire. The tear was still trembling in her eye. Never till that moment did I behold so soft a charm. One might read the sentence in her face—"*Thou hast left me*, (said the tear)—*But we shall meet again*, AND THEN WE SHALL PART NO MORE"—(said the smile)——Blessed Religion! thought I, how happy are thy children!

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

"SWEEP, sweep," was the plaintive cry of a little boy, who seemed about five years of age, who was tottering under a sack, and the usual implements of his trade: he stopped against a post, and wiped the falling tears off his little dingy cheek. A piece of dry, hard, brown bread, bemeared with soot, was in one hand; the other was occupied in keeping his sack on his shoulders. This object interested me.—I went up to him, and requested to know the reason of his crying. "I am very hungry and tired, Sir," sobbed the poor little fellow. "Can't you eat what you have in your hand?" "No sir, I can't bite it; it is too hard." "Have you had your breakfast?" "This is my breakfast, sir, but it is so hard I cannot eat it." "Why don't you tell your master you can't eat it."—"Oh! sir, he'll beat me, and call me very bad names, and take it away from me." "How long have you been with your master?" "I don't know, sir; a long while I think. I do nothing but cry for my mammy." "What, have you got a mother living?" "No, sir;—she's gone down into the pit-hole." The innocence, the artlessness of this infant, would have melted a heart of stone. I was fully determined, if possible, to relieve him, and snatch him from unavoidable destruction. During my cogitations, a man came up, and seizing one of the poor boy's ears, wrung it with such violence that he shrieked with agony; and with the most abandoned language, upbraided the child of idleness. He was preparing to repeat his ill usage, when I arrested his arm. He looked at me, and with that assurance that always accompanies ignorance, with the utmost vulgarity and abuse, demanded of me what business I had with him. I endeavored to expostulate with the fellow, but it only enraged him the more; and seizing the boy by one of his arms, with savage ferocity, he dragged him away. "Inhuman brute!" I exclaimed, "You shall not go unpunished. Your brutality shall meet its due reward." I took the necessary steps, and had the satisfaction of seeing villainy punished, and innocence protected.

How painful it is to a mind susceptible of feeling, to behold youth in the power of men devoid of all sense of humanity and gentleness! How many wretched orphans are in this manner disposed of during their very childhood, taught every degree of wickedness, and when they arrive at maturity, associating with beings of the lowest and vilest cast; callous to every sense of honesty and decorum, in the midst of vulgar dissipation, glory in their misdeeds! Happy is it for these wretched objects, when those whose philanthropy does them the highest credit, whose humanity prompts them to put in execution a plan of the greatest benefit to the helpless orphan, and utility to the public at large, are disposed to act.

THE UNFORTUNATE FAIR.

ATTEND to the tale of a wand'rer forlorn,
The child of Misfortune, thro' life doom'd to grieve,
Whose sorrows are such that the virtuous must mourn,
Which, though they may pity, they cannot relieve.

Behold me, ye fair, for I once was a beauty—
And bright was the prospect my young fancy drew;
Alas! the illusion deceiv'd me from duty,
When Pleasure had gain'd me, she fled from my view.

I, fir'st morning was blest with the sunshine of fortune,
With parents preventing each wish as it rose;
And fondly I dream't, when with vanity sporting,
That life's noon would be rapture, its ev'ning repose.

But Fortune, still fickle, repented her favour,
And cold-bosom'd Poverty came in her room;
My father pursued her with honest endeavor,
But, drooping, dejected, he sunk to the tomb.

My mother, alas! the reflection is anguish,
With fondness caress'd me, watch'd o'er me with care;
For an artful seducer, I left her to languish—
But bliss is her portion, and mine is despair.

Deceiv'd and highoonsor'd, my shame fast ensuing,
The soft voice of Nature was stifled by pride;
She made me a mother—I rush'd upon ruin—
On the wild waste expos'd, my sweet baby died!

Dejected, deserted, wherever I wander,
Stern Virtue scarce dares for my sufferings to sigh;
My name's a reproach, I'm a subject for slander,
And "murderer" is whispered where'er I pass by.

The thrush from the brake sets my bosom a burning,
The ewes from the valley, that bleat for their young,
Proclaim me a monster, whom nature is scorning,
With heart-rending horrors I'm constantly stung.

O, could I forget! but the bliss is denied me,
How the sweet cherub smil'd when I left him forlorn;
At eve, on my pillow, his ghost seems beside me,
While my heart thrills with terror, and sighs for the morn.

Midst ample creation, no hand to protect me,
Disorder hath seiz'd on my griefe-burthen'd mind;
Sometimes I imagine that angels direct me,
That my infant is smiling, and Billy is kind.

'Tis then I am happy, my sufferings all banish'd,
In slumbers I sink with my bosom serene;
But, when I awake the delusion is vanish'd,
And reason returning, reverses the scene.

At noon-day I saw him descending from heaven,
With seraphs surrounded, in radiant array;
I sunk on my knees, that I might be forgiven;
With the frown of a fury he spurn'd me away.

Indeed I have wish'd, but sure Heaven will forgive me,
That the torment of thinking forever were o'er;
But, alas! I'm a monster, and naught can relieve me,
For hope, the last comfort, to me is no more.

Ye daughters of Love, who behold me thus mourning,
Whose bosoms, unspotted, are strangers to care,
O think that to virtue I found no returning,
I seek for repentance, but sink in despair.

G. A.

Imitated from the Greek of Theocritus.

DELIA, beautiful and young,
Straying once the woods among,
By a little bee was stung.
She cried, and danc'd, and beat the ground,
And press'd and suck'd the smarting wound.
The nymph at length her lover spies,
And sobbing, thus in anguish cries;
"Is it not hard that little bees
"Should make such mighty wounds as these?"
The lover smil'd, with downcast eyes,
And sweetly wisp'ring, thus replies:
"Thou, my love, art like the bee,
"Sweets and stings unite in thee;
"Thou art *small*, but well I know
"Thy wounds, sweet nymph, are seldom so."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE SPECULATIONS OF *TOM FICKLE*.

NO. V.

TO those who never dive beneath the surface of things, hypocrisy may, as to its extent and its effects, appear to be a crime of little magnitude. A closer examination will convince us that it materially affects our happiness and repose, inasmuch as it misleads our judgment and subjects us to become the dupes of knaves and villains.

When we turn our eyes abroad upon the world, and see what ravages and destruction, what havoc and devastation, the hardened villainy and audacity of mankind have introduced into it; when we behold the innocent and deserving laboring under grievous misfortunes, and brought almost to a state of starvation and death, by the cruelty and oppression of pride and arrogance; when we see this fair domain of nature, large enough to contain, and fruitful enough to support all its inhabitants; when, I say, we see, by the rapacity of some and the avarice of others, these miseries produced, and these bounties withheld from by the greater portion of mankind, we cannot help execrating the wretch who is the author of such calamities—He imagines that the globe and its inhabitants, are created solely to contribute to his pleasure, and would actually persuade us, that he is the sole proprietor of its goods. He views the general herd of men as so many slaves and beasts of burden, placed here to administer to his wants and pleasures; subjected to his caprice and dependant on his will even for their lives. He will sacrifice to his lust and appetite the lives and fortunes of his fellows, with as much resolution and indifference as he would fall a sparrow. If such an one, as devoid of feeling as humanity, deserves the execration and abhorrence of mankind, so does the lukewarm by which these evils are accomplished. He knows his power is by no means adequate to the purpose, and is compelled to have recourse to subtle and refined artifice. Aware that his designs will be more easily executed by the practice of duplicity and deceit, and by imposing on the credulity and weakness of our nature, this is the battery from whence he commences the attack; this is the bulwark from behind which he securely aims his weapons. It is a mask in which he goes about seizing upon his prey; and, like Jack, the giant killer, in his coat of darkness, is bold and valiant because his invisibility protects him. He is a dastard and a coward. True—but he gains his object, and is content to be called so. The opinion of the world cannot affect him. He is of too firm and independent a spirit: and if he is ever pointed at as an object of infamy and contempt, he wraps himself up in the consciousness of his deserts, and with the Miser in *Terence, applauds himself* when he contemplates the reward of his iniquity and falsehood.

One would suppose there were ways enough in the world for accomplishing the works of wickedness without adding to them another—one by which the most sacred friendship and the most exalted virtue is rendered doubtful and suspected; which destroys the confidence they should command, or lays us open to the grossest and worst deception. It was plainly, too sure an engine not to meet the warmest approbation of its employers. They could not think of relinquishing it, however fatal its adoption might be to the noblest affections of the mind. They saw that by regarding these they would lose one of the best and most effectual aids of their profession, so that however desirable it might seem, to preserve the former, they could not think of giving up the latter. It could not have required much debate which of the two to chuse—Men so callous to the impressions of right, and regardless of the interests of society, could not hesitate to decide when their interest was so intimately connected.

We should laugh at the man who could be so silly as to suppose that the Tiger would leave him unmolested because he was unable to avoid him; and be apt to doubt his sincerity who asserted, that a sober man refused to plunder him of his goods because he was unable to resist him.

Hence it appears, that hypocrisy, though at first view a contemptible and unworthy thing, inflicts a deep and incurable wound upon society. That what we at first supposed to extend no farther than merely to deceive us in appearances, actually leads to our destruction. That it is a cloak under which wicked and profligate men perpetuate the worst and abominable crimes; which leads us to doubt of the reality of virtue and the truth of friendship.

It were devoutly to be wished that some visible mark could be set on this invisible covering, that it might no longer be suffered to conceal the dagger of the assassin, or the villain's smile.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE, thou capricious, whimsical Goddess, when wilt thou have done playing with my credulity? true it is I never had the pleasure of a very intimate acquaintance with thee, but thou hast often condescended to give me a distant glance of thy fair form, and as often eluded a nearer acquaintance.—But what is wealth? Is it not a bubble that appears only to disappear? Not so, says the wealthy man, it is the only good I know, the only object I pursue, it covers all my faults, without it I might walk the streets and not be regarded by the gaping multitudes. Oh, Fortune? thou more than friend, thou art to me my *summum bonum* as I pass the streets, the obedient that rises to welcome my approach, the ready hand is stretched out to receive me, the doors of the wealthy are open to my approach, and all nature smiles around; but for thee, my wealth, I might pass unnoticed and unknown; the world might call me *fool, knave* or *rascal*, but thou art a cloak that screens me from all these epithets; nay more, thou makest of me a clever fellow, thou nature, never intended I should be.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON HEARING MISS H------ E------, *SING THE*

"DOWNHILL OF LIFE."

SUCH sounds must surely be divine!
Above what mortals e'er possest—
When music's sweetest pow'rs combine,
To raise such feelings in the breast.

Still sweeter than the magic sound,
Which rung from old Appollo's lyre;
Whose music spread delight around,
And wak'd the soul to *soft* desire!

More sweet thy note than Sapho's lay,
To sooth the soul, and yield delight;
To chase the fiend Dull Care away,
And break the morn to sorrow's night.

Happy the man destin'd to be
Thy partner through the vale of life;
To share true happiness with thee,
Strangers to jealousy or strife.

And when thy morn of life is spent,
And wrinkled age shall on thee stare,
May thou be blest with sweet content,
To sooth and baffle every care.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 1. 1805. W. F. H.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1805.

Deaths in this City for the last week, ending the 31st ult.—of cancer 1, consumption 6, convulsions 4, debility 2, diarrhœa 1, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, dysentary 2, epilepsy 1, intermittent fever 1, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 1, infantile flux 14, hives 2, inflamation of the bowels 1, old age 1, palsy 1, rheumatism 1, small pox 2, sore throat 1, sprue 1, suicide in a fit of insanity 1, teething 3, ulcer 2; and one of malignant fever, a young man, a native of Scotland, who died at No. 5 Batavia-lane after an illness of four days; of whom 11 were men, 10 women, 16 boys, and 17 girls—total 54. 17 were of or under the age of one year, 12 between 1 & 2, 3 between 2 & 5, 1 between 5 & 10, 3 between 10 & 20, 4 between 20 & 30, 4 between 30 & 40, 1 between 40 & 50, 2 between 50 & 60, 3 between 60 & 70, 3 between 70 & 80, and 1 between 80 & 90.

In the conflict of opinion it is extremely difficult to arrive at the truth; but the board submit the following as the result of their enquiries. Ten cases of malignant fever have occurred since last Monday, and five cases of a doubtful nature, some of which have been removed into the country or to the Marine Hospital; and four deaths. *Mer. Chron.*

DEATHS in Philadelphia, last week, adults 50, children 30—Total 80.

On thursday last arrived at the seat of Mr. Le Guen. at Morrisville, Pensylvania, opposite Trenton, the celebrated GENERAL MOREAU, and family. This gentleman is now in the 41st year of his age; his stature about the middle size—his appearance plain and unassuming. He comes to this country an exile from that of his nativity, where, for the last ten years, he distinguished himself in the command of the army of the Rhine as one of the bravest and ablest generals of the age. The character of Gen. Moreau, as a soldier and citizen, is the most unexceptionable of any of the leaders of the French Revolution. By his great worth and brilliant atchievements he became uncommonly popular in the French nation and armies—this excited Bonaparte's jealousy—he therefore sought his downfal, and obtained a decree for his banishment. His family consists of his wife and two children—he is said to possess an ample fortune.

Chilicothe, Aug. 10.—A melancholy duty we this day perform, in recording the untimely death of Miss POLLY HINTON, second daughter of Mr. J. Hinton, of this county. It appears that on Wednesday the 24th ult. while the family were attending divine worship at a meeting little more than a mile distant, some blood-thirsty tiger, concealed himself, to perpetrate the most diabolical crime that ever fell to the lot of any to record. This unfortunate girl was left at home with her brothers and sisters, and wanting more fire in the house stepped into the yard, and about 50 paces from the door, while in the act of gathering a few chips, distressing to relate, the inhuman monster fired! and the ball passed quite through her body. The flash was seen from the house, but no person was perceived from the direction of the ball; the wretch must have been concealed behind a tree and log, in a bunch of spice bushes, and took aim between the rails of the yard fence.——A little brother immediately proceeded to inform the father of the distressing intelligence, who in about an hour, with a major portion of the congregation, returned to the spot. A pursuit was instantly undertaken, but, unfortunately for society, the villain is as yet undiscovered.

It is the opinion of several, that the perpetrator was an Indian.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Happy, happy, is the youth,
Decked with honour, virtue, truth;
To whom is given, to soothe his care,
The young, the beautiful, and fair!

MARRIED

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. George Munn, merchant, to Miss Catherine Roach, of Kinsdale, Ireland.

On Thursday evening, the 29 ult. by the Rev. John Vredenburgh, Mr. John Cocenhoven, to Miss Ellen Davis, daughter of Mr. Peter Davis, all of Miltstown, New-Jersey.

Some time since, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Nicholas Bogert, jun. to Miss Eliza Weir, both of this city.

On Sunday the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. John Sullivan, to Miss Abigail Brown, of Westchester county.

At Dublin, some time ago, by the Rev. Father Quipes, Miss Kitty O'Donnavan, to Mr. Paddy O'Rafferty!!!

BIRTH.

On Sunday, the 7th of July, at her residence, in Park-place, Camberwell, (Surry,) Madame Jerome Bonaparte, of a Son.

MORTALITY.

How delusive is hope!—O how transient the stay
Of the sun-beam that gilds our terrestrial scene!
How short is the pleasure of man's brightest day,
And the arrow of death, Oh how piercingly keen!

DIED,

On Sunday, of a consumption, Mr. Samuel Marshall, Pilot.

At Savannah, Mr. William Marine, and John M'Faden, both natives of Scotland. The former was buried with military honors, by the Chatham Horse Guards.

At Pickstil, on Thursday the 29th ult, in the 109th year of his age, Mr John Thompson. He was a native of Ireland.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John M'Phail, merchant, and Mr. John Todd, baker.

20,000 DOLLARS,
THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
TICKETS,
In the Batten-Kill Road Lottery,
In Wholes, Halfs, Quarters,
& Eights.
To draw in December next.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.
MICHAEL M'GREANE,
No. 9 Broad Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

☞ A few servants on the books well recommended.
May 25, 1805. 836—tf.

NOTICE.

THE public in general, and particularly, the friends of the *LITERARY ACADEMY*, No. 40 Partition-Street, are hereby informed, that the regular stated Vacation, will expire on the 31st inst. and, that the Exercises in the School will again commence on Monday, the second of September.—Where shall be given the most faithful attention, to the improvement, and advancement in Literature, of all committed to the care and instruction of ENOCH ELY.

N. B. A few Boarding Scholars may be conveniently accommodated in his family.
August 31, 1805. 69—3t.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

MONEY IS YOUR FRIEND!

OF friendship I have heard much talk,
But you'll find in the end,
That if distress'd in any rate,
Then money is your friend!
Yes, money is your friend, is it not?
Yes, money is your friend, is it not?

If you are sick and like to die,
And for the doctor send,
To him you must advance a fee,
Then money is your friend.
Then money is your friend, &c.

If you should have a suit at law,
On which you much depend,
You must pay the lawyer for his brief,
Then money is your friend.
Yes money is your friend &c.

Then let me have but store of gold,
From ills it will defend;
In ev'ry exigence of life
Dear money is a friend.
Yes, money is your friend, &c.

EPIGRAMS.

THE glow which Chloe's cheeks possess,
Is something more than Nature's dress;
Yet such her happy knack,
Although she paints, there's none can boast,
Of knowing which she uses most,
Carmine or Coniac.

A VICAR long ill, who had treasur'd much wealth,
Told his curate, one Sunday to pray for his health,
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
That the curate ought rather to wish he were dead.
"For my truth, (says the curate) let credit be given,
I ne'er pray'd for his *death*, but I have for his *living*."*

* *The establishment of a curate is called* 'a living'.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE late Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart perfectly harmless, he imagined every man he sat in company with possessed of the same. The following anecdote will place this observation in a proper point of view:

Sitting one evening at the Globe-Tavern, Fleet-street, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman with whom he was intimately acquainted, turned up his nose, and asked how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him! "Stinking!" says the doctor—"in good truth I don't smell it." "I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life," says the gentleman: "the rascal deserves to be caned for being so heedless as to bring you such a carrion." "In good truth, (says the poet) I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse that assafœtida, he insisted as punishment, that he should sit down and eat it himself. The waiter argued; but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion. The doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with the punishment.

When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter had done, Goldsmith's friend burst into a horse-laugh. "What in God's name, ails you now?" says the poet. "Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters was so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humor: the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life."—"Was it? (says the doctor) then I shall never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good truth, I am even with you."

M. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey: 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted— 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair in curl.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 3, 1805. 853. 1y.

TUITION.

THE subscriber takes the liberty to inform the public, that he has taken that large, airy room over Mr. Townly's church, in Warren-street, lately occupied by Mr. Jacob Ketchell, where he has commenced Teaching. He will teach the English and Latin languages gramatically, together with Book keeping, Surveying, Navigation, Geography, and the use of the Globes, Architecture, Mensuration, &c. &c. His long practice, and the great success he has met with in the line of his profession, of which he has ample testimonials, induces him to flatter himself, he will meet with very liberal patronage. UZAL W. FREEMAN.

This may certify, that I have been acquainted with Mr. U. W. Freeman for a number of years, and know him to be every way qualified for a teacher: and I do freely and earnestly recommend him to the patronage of all my friends in this city. JACOB KETCHELL.

July 27, 1805. 864. tf.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camelhair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Callender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. ☞ Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing BLUE upon Cotton and Linen: Dyers stuffs for sale.

June 1, 1805. 856, 1y.

MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the professions of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chimical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums care braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

July 13, 1805. 826 tf.

EDUCATION.

IN consequence of earnest solicitations, the *School* lately vacated by Mr. Lezell, No. 17 Bancker-street, is now conducted under the Tuition of the subscribers.

Ambition is good or bad according to the end proposed: It shall ever be ours to promote human felicity by the most assiduous exertions to forward those entrusted to our care in the acquisition of useful knowledge, wisdom and virtue. S. MOOR.

I. M'KEEN.

Mr. Moor entertains too high an opinion of his School No. 57 Roosevelt-street, to permit it to suffer the least neglect by this measure; he is rather inclined to believe that from it some reciprocal advantages will be experienced by both branches peculiar to such institutions.—The whole school will meet weekly for the purpose of inspiring emulation: and certain classes for particular studies, such as Geography, the use of the Globes, &c. as occasion may require.

N. B. The School in Bancker-street, will open at 8 o'clock during the warm weather, where Mr. Moor will attend till 9.

August 17, 1805. 867 tf.

NOVELS, HISTORY, &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, No. 3 PECK SLIP.

Dorval, or the Speculator, St. Leon, by Godwin,
Amelia, or the Influence of Virtue,
Father and Daughter, by Mrs. Opie,
Monomia, or the Beggar Girl, Emma Courtney,
Romance of the Forest,
Gonsalvo, the Spanish Knight,
Beggar Boy, 3 vols. Beggar Girl, 3 vols.
Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World,
What has been, Man of Feeling,
Beauties of Goldsmith, Spectator, 8 vols.
Rigid Father, or, Paternal Authority too Strictly Enforced,
Tale of the Times, 2 vols. Clerimont, 2 vols.
Abbess a Romance, 3 vols. Edward, 2 vols.
Emilia De Vermont, Vicar of Lansdown,
Algerine Captives, 2 vols. Haunted Cavern,
Ambrose & Elinor,
Louisa, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, &c. &c.

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